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THE TORCH

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

LITERARY

THE TORCH	Mary Fallon '32
FORGET - ME - NOTS	Helen Davis '30
ON BEING A GUEST	Abram Collier '30
A HOBO'S FRIEND	James Monahan '31
LIFE	Editors
LIFE IS WORTH LIVING	Editors
AUTUMN	V. Gardner '31
THE WHISTLER	C. Tyler '30
THE OLD HOUSE	Austra Upley '30
THE VOICES OF THE NIGHT	Margaret Claffie '31
SONNET	James Monahan '31
THOUGHTS	Warren Stearns '31
IMMORTALITY	Carol Tyler '30
A GLORIOUS DEPICTION	W. Paradise '30

BOOKS

ROMOLA	Eleanor Grady '31
--------------	-------------------

FLICKERS

ATHLETICS

ALUMNI COLUMN

SCHOOL NOTES

GIRL SCOUT NEWS

JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL

TORCHURE

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THE "TORCH"

"The Torch — be it yours to hold on high." A burning flame — the life of this school in which our thoughts, desires, and realizations are given birth. It is a living symbol of those who have gone before. It lights the way for those to come. It is for us (the living) to hold it so that others may see which way to come. To hold it so that those who have gone on may look back and feel that their work has not been in vain. We must strive to protect it from all-menacing harm. We must shelter the flame from the winds that would extinguish it. We must guard ourselves against the evils which would decay our foundations.

Mary Fallon '32.

FORGET - ME - NOTS

Marjorie was later than usual in coming home from school one night. Her mother was becoming anxious until she heard the banging of the front door and a rushing of footsteps through the hall. A girl of sixteen, with flushed cheeks and starry eyes, her arms laden with delicate blue forget-me-nots, came bounding into the front room where her mother sat and flung the whole feathery mass into her mother's lap.

"Oh look, moms! Aren't they sweet! I found them growing around Fern

Spring up on the hill-side in back of the house and I just simply couldn't resist the temptation of stopping to pick a few for you. There that explains why I am late, mother dear, and you aren't cross now, are you?" For she had noticed the frown on her mother's face disappear at the sight of the flowers.

"Of course I am not cross with you, dear irresistible child, but you forgot that I asked you to come right home tonight to take care of little Sister while I went to a meeting of the Women's Club."

Marjorie's face clouded an instant and then she replied, "Oh mother I am so sorry, but I shall remember the next time."

"Did you bring the raisins and sugar from the store?" her mother continued.

"N-n-o I, er - I forgot that, too, Moms, but I'm awfully sorry. I shan't forget to remember them next time, truly I won't," Marjorie answered.

"That's what you say every time, but you still continue to forget and it is a dreadful habit that is growing on you," went on her mother. "Let me tell you of another kind of forget-me-nots that I think would be a good plan for you to try.. Every night write down on a slip of paper the things which you aren't to forget to do the following day, and pin them up over your bureau so that they will be the last thing you will see before going to bed and the first to greet you

in the morning. Read them over a few times and I think you will begin to remember things instead of forgetting them."

Marjorie thought that the little game would be "heaps of fun". She immediately began to set down facts to remember not to forget for the next day. The only trouble Marjorie told her mother was that she was afraid of forgetting to remember so many things that her list of Forget-Me-Nots was growing too long and she would not be able to remember half of them. Her mother said that would be better than forgetting them altogether.

So the experiment was tried and every night Marjorie reported to her mother the number of her Forget-Me-Nots she had remembered and was surprised to find only a few she had over-looked. She soon found that she had broken the old habit and the next time she gathered a bunch of the delicate blue flowers for her mother, this whimsical little verse passed through her mind:

It's easy to remember
It's easy to forget
But don't forget to remember
To remember not to forget!

Helen M. Davis '30.

ON BEING A GUEST

One evening in mid-summer shortly after completing my nightly repast, I felt the desire to walk in the woods as an evening in the house did not appeal to me at all.

Accordingly I set out for a favored nook on the top of a small hill which was at a comfortable distance from my home. I walked along the road for a short way, then I headed across the woods to make my journey somewhat shorter. As I walked along between the trees, breathing the fragrance of the pines, giving notice to God's handiwork on every little flower, I experi-

enced within me a feeling of joy, of satisfaction, and of thankfulness.

At last I arrived at my nook as the sun was preparing to leave this world to enter another. I had often gone to this spot before where I could recline and inhale the wonders of nature. It was a place where I could let my thoughts wander to so many things.

But this time I was doubly enchanted for it seemed that that night I witnessed the crowning of all God's achievements of the preceding spring. Immediately around me were the temples of nature spreading over the earth. In the distance were the hills and a radiant sunset. The brilliancy of the colors in the sky gave it beauty far beyond that of any earthly power.

Have you ever been stunned by a show of God's work? If not, sometime you will feel a sinking sensation within you, as you realize how small and insignificant you are compared with the glory of nature.

All too soon this great scene was over, and in the soothing twilight I wandered homeward thinking how privileged I was to be a guest of God.

A. T. Collier '30.

A HOBO'S FRIEND

My life is one of sorrow and disgrace
I follow where the god of chance doth roam,
Where'er I lay my head in sleep,—that place
Is all that I may really call my home.

I have, in all this world, one loyal friend,
A dog, and yet, he stood life's grilling test,
But now our friendship here on earth must end
His soul is slowly yielding to the west.

With heavy heart through-out the world I tread,
For he is gone, of comforts I have none,
But when, at last, my own life's blood has
fled
We'll meet once more, beyond the setting sun.

James Monahan '31.

L I F E

Open the door of the world. Stand on the threshold and look upon life.

How many thousands of years before the existence of the world; how many more thousands was it in the making; and yet still are there years and years before it will become cold and dead. How small is life compared with these great times. It is but a dot on the map of everlasting ages.

We must make the most of this brief time called life. We must try to do our best as others have tried before us, for this world seems all that we have. Why? Because we can understand no other. We are like that tiny bird before it has come out from its shell; he has eyes to see with, a beak to eat with, and wings to fly, but if we should try to explain to him that soon he will leave his shell and see with those eyes, eat with that beak, and fly with those wings, the little bird could not understand. He has lived only in his tiny egg, and cannot imagine anything outside.

Life is but a wild story, a dream that will soon be forgotten because of greater things. How small is life!

"Out, out brief candle!

Life is but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing."

Editors.

LIFE IS WORTH LIVING

I disagree with Macbeth's philosophy of life, that life is nothing but a walking shadow, a poor player who plays his part on the stage for one short hour and then is heard no more. Macbeth believed that life held only material things and he snatched for all he could reach because when he died he believed that it was the end of everything. But life holds more than just one's own personal desires. There is a higher motive behind it all which is leading us on to something

higher and better. Life is the preparation and therefore it is worth the living. That is why we are broadening and developing our minds through education and experiences.

I know that no one would want to die tomorrow because each individual is getting too much enjoyment from living. Every morning when I awake I look forward to what the day may bring. One can be glad that he is alive just to meet his friends and talk and laugh. Here is a poem of which I am very fond if I may take the privilege of quoting it:

The Day Will Bring Some Lovely Thing

"The day will bring some lovely thing."
I say it over each new dawn.
Some gay adventurous thing to hold
Against my heart when it is gone
And so I rise, and go to meet
The day with wings upon my feet.

I come upon it unaware
Some hidden beauty without name
A snatch of song — a breath of pine —
A poem lit with golden flame,
High lilting bird notes — keenly thinned
Like color on the dying wind.

No day has ever failed me quite.
Before the grayest day is done
I come upon some misty bloom
Or a late line of crimson sun.
Each night I pause — remembering —
Some gay, adventurous, lovely thing."

If a person stand on a high cliff in Autumn and look about him, he sees all the gorgeous colors with which Nature has painted the world, does not a thrill run through him and is he not glad again that he is alive and a part of this wonder world. It makes me think of that beautiful poem of Edna St. Vincent Millay's entitled, "God's World."

If we live a full, rich life of giving and receiving gifts of friendship, love and service we will have gained a blessed experience and to quote again: "Then give to the world the best you have, and the best will come back to you."

Editors.

AUTUMN

Only the low moaning of the chill wind.
And the trees, like old men stricken with
palsy.
Shrinking from its death-like clutch.
Only the withered brown leaves drifting down
To caress the cold stone seat in the garden—
Hiding the scars that are left.
Only the tinkle of gray water falling
Like mirthless laughter from the hard fountain,
Mocking the gay and thoughtless.
Only the end of life and love
Dying slowly under ruthless cruelty,
Leaving a dreary, dead world.

V. Gardner '31.

THE WHISTLER

The dawn's light stops the raining;
The yellow leaves still wet.
The winds are slowly gaining
Upon the clouds-black jet.
A series of notes sounding,
Heaven's own gates to unlatch!
And so the winds grow bounding,
So grow the notes in match.
'Tis just a whistler chances
Upon a low birch tree,
His cap tossed in the branches,
He whistles ceaselessly.

Carolyn Tyler '30.

THE OLD HOUSE

There it stood, a faded, dreary white house almost resembling the mist which rose at night in the swamp behind it. Weeping willows clustered about it seeking to hide it with their drooping branches. Tall trees had grown around it and the old southern house seemed to stand in a dank, jungle-like twilight. Its lower windows for many years had not reflected the sun. They looked as cold, as black and calmly treacherous as the stream that slipped noiselessly by in

front of it into the endless swamp behind the house. Alligators lay like rotting logs on the edges of pools in the marsh overshadowed by the thick cypress trees. Then moved without a sound to disappear in the tall grass which grew everywhere.

In this swamp were found other sly beings. Men, fugitives from justice, slipped like supernatural shadows in its depths. They were gray like the rising mist and still as the awful calm that brooded over the marsh. Yet, even they, used to the horror of the nights and stealthy swishing of grass feared the house.

A sliding, moving something was under the floor. It slid up the walls; it may be heard, it may be felt, seems to be present but cannot be seen. Weird squeaks from rats came at intervals and the floor seemed to move and yet did not. It was worst at night, in the brooding stillness, and it seemed to increase as the years went by.

Then at last the mystery which had driven the family away, which had cause the plantation to deteriorate, which had begged the swamp to come up to it and make it a place to be shunned, was solved.

One morning early a canoe glided up the stream paddled by two men who were in a holiday mood and had not yet had time to feel the depressing air which hung over it.

"I say, I don't believe there are any fish in this oil," said one who appeared to have been fishing.

"Look!" interrupted the other, "There's a house on that little rising. Why the river curves by it."

"Well, that's strange. I never heard of a house being in the midst of a swamp. Well, anyway we can investigate."

They waded through the grass up to the wide door and being in a jolly mood knocked loudly with the knocker. The sound echoed and re-echoed and finally died out. Then as they had found the door open they walked in.

A damp dust covered everything

and much of the furniture had started to decay, although some could still be used.

"We couldn't have found a better place to camp if we had searched the world," said the one who always jumped to quick conclusions.

The other was starting a fire in the fire-place. He sensed a moving, writhing something beneath him but the feeling soon ceased.

They spent the morning around the house exploring it, and found that it had no cellar. They fished in the stream but caught nothing, but did not dare penetrate the swamp behind it.

In the evening as they sat drowsily before the fire, they heard a rat squeal and a rustle beneath the floor. Something twisted and slipped and seemed to creep up the wall. One of the men who was the braver placed his hand where the sounds came from. He felt through the wall something long and thin glide up. Then all at once the mystery seemed to wake up. The floor appeared to be alive and to talk in a rustling murmur.

It lasted all night but in the morning it stopped. Only now and then an occasional slipping noise, as if something changed its position, was heard.

"We've spent a bad night, let's find out what is under here," said the younger, "what causes the spooks."

"There is no cellar so if we pull up some of the floor we'll see. Here's a loose board."

They lifted it and peered into the darkness. They lighted a candle and held it so that they could see. One glance was enough, they with one accord dropped the board, gathered their things and pale faced and frightened at the horrible death they might have died quickly pushed off in their canoe. For great, long poisonous snakes had made their lair beneath the house and as the years went by had multiplied and the very walls were full of them. It was a truly haunted house for the malignant spirits that haunted it were real.

Austra Upley '30.

THE VOICES OF THE NIGHT

A bang! — a crash! — a sound of hushed voices! — silence. I sit erect, and in a half amazed attitude gaze about me. The room is all lighted by the moon shining forcefully through the half-opened window. Every object is motionless; a death-like silence prevails over all. The ticking of a clock near-by makes known the seconds of the long-drawn out minutes — as though death were near at hand, and they were giving warning of the approaching danger.

Suddenly footsteps are heard — accompanied by the rumbling of hushed voices nearby. A gust of wind sweeps past me through the opened window, bringing with it a hoarse whispered conversation. "Who lives here?" And I hear another voice answer, "Margaret Claffie." My whole frame is set ajar by this incentive.

Who knows me, to utter my name so boldly in the quiet hours of the night? I steal softly out of bed, making sure my feet touch the floor, and then bravely but softly venture toward the opened window. Half-way to my destination, I stop, and glance quickly but sharply behind me — and there I perceive an object clad in white advancing towards me. I stood back, my heart palpitating like a drum leading a jazz orchestra. I move toward the object, the object moves toward me. As I come closer, I behold my own outline in the mirror, clad in white.

I again venture towards the window in more-hurried steps, and look out upon the cold ground; as I look more directly, my gaze falls upon a huge automobile — its engine buzzing and with a clash it is away — it is heard noisily down the street. Mary's friend (a next door neighbor) had brought her home after a late dance.

Margaret Claffie '31.

SONNET

Two boys pass down a straight and narrow path,
 Their happy smiles, their manly strides reflect,
 That early youth, both free from sin and wrath,
 Hath started out, life's highway, straight, to trek;
 Two paths from one spring up and speed away,
 One path flies straight as ere swift arrows can,
 The other winds and twists its glitt'ring way
 All paved with gold and sin, the curse of man;
 So each must choose the path he thinks the best,
 God's love awaits the one with purest soul.
 The other joins the ranks of all the rest.
 Who used such sinful means to reach their goal;
 Two paths between life's bound'ries stretch along —
 The wisest choose the right, the rest — the wrong.

James B. Monahan '31.

THOUGHTS

Last night I sat at my fireside rack-
 ing my unimaginative brain for an
 English theme at the last minute as
 usual. I stared into the blazing fire
 and its indescribable charm held me in
 fascination as it does everyone. I
 little wondered that the ancients wor-
 shipped fire.

The sooty brick fireplace with its
 friendly hearth, the heavy logs, and
 the sturdy andirons seem to be un-
 important factors at a glance but they
 are an unnoticed necessity. Under-
 neath this unromantic foundation the
 coals represent the heart and life of
 the fire. The glowing coals are un-
 praised and unglorified but it is these
 that give out the steady heat which is
 so valuable. The flashing towers of
 flame receive all the glory and admi-
 ration, of course. However, the fickle
 flames are soon exhausted by burning
 themselves out while the coals last
 indefinitely.

So it is with humans. The glamour
 and temporary fame of an individual
 is valueless compared to the everyday
 work of the conscientious man. Let

us realize it is the steady coals and
 not the flashing flame that counts.

W. Stearns '31.

IMMORTALITY

High on their mountain, above the
 range of clouds, the Immortal Gods
 were fulfilling the Commands of
 Zeus. A wild wind whirled fiercely
 across the fields below, and forced all
 the leaves to race with him. When
 loud above the wind, sounding clear
 from afar, came a call. Zeus rose
 from his council seat and speaking in
 a voice that all could hear him asked:

"Who called Immortality? All hu-
 mans down below — of you who need
 our help, who called?"

When no one answered the master
 of all things, he called his messengers
 to him and cried —

"Those four of you who are swift-
 est flee, the one to north, the other to
 south — and third to east and last to
 west — go find for me who called."

So went the fleetest of foot to the
 north, the fastest on wing to the
 south, the most far-seeing to the east,

and the keenest on scent to the west; each following the way seeming best. They saw the world sleeping, the slow rivers flowing; they heard the cold wind, and felt the early mist. Only he that went east found a small child standing alone on the top of a rise, calling within her soul for Immortality.

This messenger sent for the wind which blew violently around the child, and pushed her slowly in the direction of the Gods' dwelling. Feeling that an answer to her greatest desire would come, she rendered herself to be led by the wind.

When soon the child saw Zeus in all his godly appearance she lifted her hand in strong appeal —

"Oh, Zeus, father of the everlasting, give me immortality! Much of the power of boldness creeps within me—Forgive my daring request but give me aid, I plead!"

Then replied the overpowering Zeus.

"Oh, child of little learning, yet of noble spirit, 'tis seldom that a mortal craves the everlasting; yet with all our minds and hearts we'll help you here. To every mortal that has the will and yearning that they live forever belongs this tree of lasting greenness — for every leaf is always fresh and green—. Pluck thereof."

And so she picked a leaf and held it gently.

"By the way you picked, and by the leaf you picked, your hands are now immortal. What e'er you do with them will be a deed of beauty, an act passed down in years to come as your act — to be praised by some, and loved by others will your hands live on. As some have picked before, of immortality of song, of thought, of heart — so have you picked and live thy hands forever!"

Then parted the child, well satisfied and glad.

As Zeus returned and looked upon the tree so recently plucked from he said:

"How needed is this tree to many a man, Yet seldom do they come to pluck its leaves; So many see their mortal lives alone, And think not of their immortality."

Carolyn Tyler '30.

A GLORIOUS DEPICTION

I know a small lake, nestling amid the purple-gray hills of the north. The sapphire blue of the still, icy, waters is like a splash of color in the midst of the surrounding country. The only interruption of its crystalline serenity comes from the bottom of the lake itself. Four ice-cold springs, each at the corner of one huge square, bubble forth from the clean, golden sand, and send a line of white, foaming, twisting, whirling bubbles, ever mounting towards the shining surface, until they break through, to burst and become part of the clear, icy surrounding atmosphere.

The picturesque scenery roundabout, the blue-green of the tall, majestic pines fading, with the gloriously bright colors of ash and maple, into the dim horizon over rolling hills, until the outline of the huge, dim-blue mountains meets heaven in the far distance.

God's climate, the spirit of truth and courage instilled by its cheery coldness. Only Nature with its brush of Time, and colors of the Seasons, could paint such a picture.

W. Paradise '30.



ROMOLA — George Eliot

Romola is a very entertaining book in which the conditions and manner of living of the Italians during the fifteenth century are explained very vividly, by the portrayal of a Florentine family.

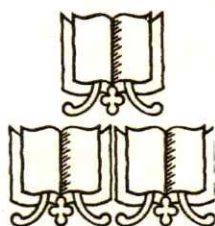
The story is woven about the life of Romola, a beautiful, refined and dignified noblewoman, who unsuspectingly becomes the bride of a gentleman who, despite his favorable appearance and exemplary conduct, is one of the basest and most corrupt of men. After a few months have elapsed, Romola realizes her husband fears some unknown enemy because of the fact that he wears constantly a heavy

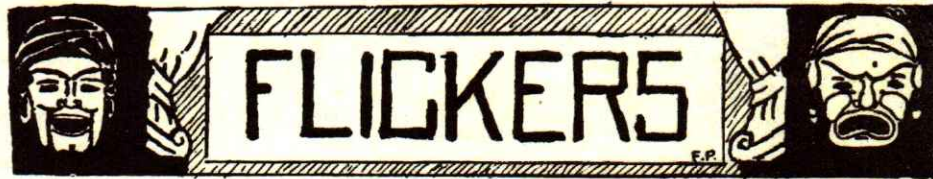
armor. Why he should be armed and what the conclusion of the story is can only be satisfactorily answered by reading the book.

George Eliot, the writer of Romola, is exceedingly clever in conveying her exact meaning. She interrupts her stories frequently to moralize. Her sympathy for her characters is easily perceived especially in this book. Although the hero of Romola is a low type of gentleman, George Eliot neither condemns nor criticises him at any time.

I sincerely recommend this book to anyone desiring an educational story or simply a charming, entertaining book.

Eleanor Grady '31.





Where did R. Blake get the haircut?
It's a pretty close shave—what?

Which is heavier, 2lbs. of lead or
2 lbs. of cork?

Wouldn't it be wonderful if the
library had none of those books that
Miss O'Sullivan requires the Seniors
and Juniors to read this year.

We think that it is much easier to
go to school than to make it up after-
wards.

We wonder how many boys would
take music if it wasn't compulsory.

Whether Rev. Math. pupils prefer
Algebra or Geometry is open to ques-
tion.

Physics seems so quiet after that
hectic and crowded Chem. class of
last year.

"Can teachers be human?" was the
topic our beloved English teacher as-
signed to the Senior and Junior
classes. We wonder.

Headline in local paper — "County
Votes to Act upon Bridge." We
wonder why they don't hire a hall.

Upley is A. W. O. L. This may be
read, "Absent when one likes."

We wonder if Arline Gay's nose was
being remodelled.

A contortionist never suffers from
insomnia. He just rolls himself up
into a ball and rocks himself to sleep.

Emerson Cole was a sleepy old soul
Oh! a sleepy old soul was he,
And to the lands of sweet slumber he
stole
In the classroom of English III.

Extract from a book report on the
"Vicar of Wakefield" "and has to
stoop to rather low circumstances
which he rises above." Can it be that
he was doing setting up exercises?

We wonder what they are digging
in front of the school. Maybe they
are graves for our "do or die" foot-
ball players.

Miss O'Sullivan takes her daily
walk on Gillette's feet in the first
period.

Our High School is well represented
in Shakespeare.

"O, that this too, too solid flesh would
melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew."
(Mary Condon)

"Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend
me your ears."
(Abe Collier)

"I came to bury Caesar, not to praise
him."
(A. Gay)

"Oh! what a fall there was, my
countryman!"
(M. Johansen)

"Nay, faith, let me not play the
woman, I have a beard coming."
(Blakely)

"To bait fish withal."
(Upley)

"What! will these hands ne'er be
clean?"
(Dale)

"Tomorrow, tomorrow, and tomor-
row."
(Knox-Austra U.)

"With bated breath and whispering
humbleness."
(P. Pasho)

"'Budge,' says the fiend, 'Budge not'
says my conscience."
(W. Paradise)

"If you tickle us do we not laugh?"
(Senior Class)



Mr. Adams, a graduate of Bates College, is now coaching Athletics at the Howe High School. Under his coaching the team is progressing rapidly.

On September 21, after one week's practice Howe played its first game at Amesbury where it suffered defeat at the hands of the Amesbury boys, but as Amesbury used illegal players the game was forfeited to Howe.

Howe has played two more games since then, one with Keith's Academy at Lowell on October 5, and the other with Punchard in Andover, October 12.

In both these games our boys showed marked improvement and aroused much school spirit in the hearts of everyone that attended the games. Although they were defeated, all the boys were good sports and had a good time fighting for Howe even if they didn't come out on top!

Our boys have played their three hardest games and expect to give their remaining opponents a hard time.

Although the team has been handicapped by the loss of Arnold Upley

and Walter Lowe, two of its best players, yet the other boys are working doubly hard to make up for it.

Warren Stearns is our football manager this year and James O'Neil is the captain.

Howe's lineup is as follows:

R. E.	John O'Neil
R. T.	Currie Valyou
R. G.	Blakely
C.	Holden
L. G.	Butterfield
L. T.	Hosmer
L. E.	Stearns
O. B.	Gillette
F. B.	Dale
R. H. B.	James O'Neil
L. H. B.	Shattuck

Many of our boys are quite promising and we won't be surprised if they develop into real stars at Harvard and Yale when they go there.

Don't you think they're worth a few cheers to help them on to victory? Yes! Well, here goes! Take a deep breath so as to make much noise, and now one — two — three — Hurrah! We cheer for each and every one of our players.

ALUMNI COLUMN

JOHN ALBERTINI	Huntington School
MARION ALLEY	Nesson Institution, Maine
MARY ANDREWS	At Home
RHODORA BUCKLE	Music Teacher
GEORGE CALLUM	Working at Boston & Maine
CLAIRE CATHER	At Home
FLORENCE COLGATE	Chandler School
AVIS JONES	Burdett College
WILLIAM LESLIE	Working at Boston & Maine
HENRY MARTELL	Working at B & M, Lincoln Institute
ESTHER MAYBURY	Working at Medford
DOROTHY MURRAY	Office of Winchester Laundry
HANNAH O'LOUGHLIN	Working in Boston
MARY O'NEILL	Boston University
FORREST PARADISE	Western Electric, Newark, N. J.
EDGAR PASHO	At Home
BARBARA PIMM	Miss Pierce Sect. School
RUTH QUINN	Office Boston & Maine
GRACE REYNOLDS	Training School for Nurses, Ohio
PRUELLA REYNOLDS	Portia Law School
MARGARET SPAULDING	Tewksbury Training School
EVELYN SOLOMON	Office of Boston & Maine
EDITH WILLIAMS	Office Work, Night School at Textile

SCHOOL NOTES

FRESHMAN NOTES

The first meeting of the Freshman Class was held October 7, in the freshman home room.

The following officers were chosen:
 President John Monahan
 Vice-President Anna Staskivicz
 Secretary Mona Davison
 Treasurer Dorothea Colbath
 Miss Conway was chosen class advisor.

SOPHOMORE CLASS NOTES

The sophomore class held a meeting for the election of officers and class advisor. The following officers were chosen:

President Albert Klemka
 Vice-President Dorothy Carr
 Secretary George Murray
 Treasurer Robert Nardini
 Class Advisor Miss Tutien

The Hallowe'en Party given each year by the sophomore class will be held November first, in the School Hall. The committees for the Party are as follows:

Decoration: Dorothy Carr, Dorothy Tannenbaum and George Murray.

General Committee: Alan McBride.
 Amusement Committee: Robert Nardini.

JUNIOR NOTES

The class of '31 held its first meeting this year on September twentieth.

The following officers were elected:
 Warren Stearns President
 Charlotte Sousa Vice-President
 Florence Morrill Treasurer
 Elsie Williams Secretary

Miss Belcher was chosen class advisor.

SENIOR NOTES

The Senior Class held its first meeting of the school year, Thursday, September 13.

The officers for the coming year are as follows:

President William Knox
 Vice-President Abram Collier
 Secretary Florence Martin
 Treasurer Arlene Gay

Plans for the Senior Play, "The Romantic Age," are now well under way. *The cast has been chosen and the date for the play, December 11, has been set and afternoon rehearsals occur quite frequently.

The play committee, which read over a number of plays and brought the best ones before the class was made up of the following people: — Carol Tyler, Florence Martin, Arlene Gay, William Knox and Abram Collier.

The other committees for the play are as follows:

Ticket committee Helen Davis
 Candy committee Gladys Ridlon
 Property committee William Knox
 Publicity committee John Dale

An afternoon social for the benefit of the TORCH was held in the school hall on Wednesday, September 25. An orchestra made up from the instrumental players in the school played for the dancing and enabled every one to have a good time. Florence Martin was in charge of this social.

The Seniors also held a "weenie" roast October 1. They went to Camp Skylark, which is owned by Mr. Mitchell, and roasted "weenies" and marshmallows and had a good time. Although the night was dark and stormy and most people wouldn't have ventured out, yet the Seniors were undaunted and defied the old weather man and enjoyed themselves just the same. Austra Upley was in charge of this affair.

"TORCH DANCE"

The first event on our social calendar for the year was the "Torch Dance" on the evening of October 11, in the Town Hall. The members of the Torch Staff worked hard to insure the success of the affair and it was most certainly successful. The hall was decorated with gaily-colored autumnal leaves that gave a very festive appearance. The patronesses were: Mrs. Dale, Mrs. Vining, and Mrs. Locke. The heads of the various committees were as follows: Business Manager, Alice Blake; Refreshment Committee, Florence Martin; Orchestra Committee, William Harris; Publicity Committee, John Dale; Patroness Committee, Dorothy Richardson; Clean-up Committee, Albert Klemka.

Everyone remembers this as a most enjoyable evening and it will not be quickly forgotten.

The Alumni certainly showed a fine cooperation spirit in that so many of them attended the Torch Dance this year. It seemed almost like a reunion for the graduates of the Howe High and those who were previously members of the Torch Staff. Time apparently has not lessened their interest in the school's activities. We noticed it; we liked it; we appreciated it.

"When shall we come to that delightful day
When each can say to each, "Dost thou remember?"

Let us fill urns with rose-leaves in our May,
And hive the thrifty sweetness in December."

GIRL SCOUT NEWS

The girl scouts are meeting at the Congregational church this year. This change has made it convenient to have folk dancing and singing with Miss Hilda Bailey, and Mrs. C. D. Tutien accompanying. The work that is being taken up is outdoor cooking and the study of trees. They are planing a week-end at Cedar Hill November 2, 1929. A pagent was given for the Unitarian Fair October 23. This is a fairy story "How The Girl Scout Laws Were Written." Doris Brown, reader; Geraldine Taylor, The Brownie.

JUNIOR HIGH**MAKING FUDGE**

One Saturday night when mother was away, Frances, Beatrice, and Ruth came up to my house. First, we finished our homework, then we decided to make some fudge. Frances said, "You and I can make the fudge while Ruth and Beatrice go to the library to return their books."

Accordingly Beatrice and Ruth hurried over to the library and Frances and I went to the kitchen. We prepared the mixture for the fudge and put it on the stove to cook. While it was cooking we played some games. When the fudge was done we took it off the stove. Since Beatrice and Ruth had not yet returned we thought that we had better start to stir it.

I could not imagine what was keeping the girls so long. All of a sudden we heard a loud pounding noise. I ran to the front door to see what it might be. When I got there I could not see anyone. Greatly bewildered, I went back to the kitchen and started to get the pans ready for the candy. Again we heard the dreadful noise. Frances, thoroughly frightened, left the fudge and ran into the closet. I was frightened as badly as Frances and ran wildly into our neighbor's house. "Somebody is in our house making a terrible noise! We don't know who it is," I shouted.

Our neighbor said he would go back to my house with me. When he opened the door and turned on the light, whom should we see but Beatrice and Ruth coming down the front stairs and laughing for all they were worth!

They told us it was they who had made the terrible noise. They had come back early from the library, tiptoed upstairs, and pounded on the floor out of pure mischief.

Our neighbor laughed and returned to his house. While we were all laughing over our fright, Ruth suddenly asked, "How did the fudge come out?"

"Oh! We forgot!" said Frances and I.

We all four ran into the kitchen to

see the candy. To our dismay we found that the candy had hardened in the dish. With difficulty we scraped out a little to eat. After that it was time to go home and my friends bade me a laughing "Good Night."

Esther Waitz—Gr. 8.

A RESCUE IN NO MAN'S LAND

Cheerless and cold was the winter's day
The ground was white and the sky was gray;
The French were charging against the Huns
Amid the roar of the booming guns.
The gallant Colonel the charge had led
Though the German bullets shrieked overhead.

Wounded in shoulder and knee he lay
With the enemy's trenches not six yards
away —

The French, outnumbered, beat a retreat
But not for once will they admit defeat.

In the early evening a winter storm comes,
But nothing escapes the eyes of the Huns.
If somebody only will give a hand
To the wounded Colonel in "No Man's Land!"
Four dark figures emerge from the trench
But the Germans watch every move of the French.

One by one each man, on rescue bent,
Back to the lines is swiftly sent.
Now the Colonel sees the ground upheave
He gazes wildly, scarcely daring to breathe.
He beholds two hands and a pair of eyes;
Are they a French officer's or a German spy's?

The soldier in silence and in haste
Binds a rope 'round the Colonel's waist.
Then over him a white sheet is thrown,
And the Colonel knows the man is his own.
All memory of the rest is gone
When the Colonel awakes at early dawn.
He knows he is lying safe in bed,
A Red Cross nurse stands at the head.
The hero then was well applauded,
And by promotion quickly rewarded,
For he had given a helping hand
To his wounded Colonel in No Man's Land.

Retold in rhyme by
Francis Bannister—Gr. 8.

AN UNPLEASANT EXPERIENCE

One Saturday some friends invited us to go for a boat ride up the river. My sister, my brother, and I were to have the first ride. Our friend sat at the stern, running the boat. On the next seat sat my brother and sister. On the last seat were our friend's little five year old boy and I.

We had a delightful ride. The trees along the banks of the river were brilliant with the bright reds and yellows of their autumn foliage. We were out in the middle of the river ready to turn to make the landing. Our friend tried to shut off the motor. The wheel kept spinning around so rapidly that it was not possible to catch hold of the handle to stop it.

Suddenly we realized that the boat was beginning to tip. Then we dipped away over on one side. Immediately the water came rushing in. Then the next thing that we knew we were all in the water. I started to swim around to the other side of the boat. My brother called out, "Take hold of the boat!" I obeyed and joined the others who were trying to be very careful so that their weight would not sink the boat. There we were all clinging to the overturned boat and calling for help at the top of our lungs.

Soon to our great relief another boat came up alongside to tow us in. We were rejoiced to be safe again on land and very thankful that no one had been drowned.

Mary Dale—Gr.8.

Stearns: They say Dale can throw a spiral forty yards.

O'Neill: I'll bet he can throw a football just as far.

Dale: "Why do they always keep a lion in the telephone office?"

Blakely: What makes you think they do?

Dale: Every time I try to call you up the operator always says "The lion's busy."



Mr. Locke: Sir, what does this mean? Someone just called up and said that you were sick and could not come to school today.

Pupil: Ha, Ha, the joke's on him. He wasn't supposed to call up until tomorrow.

Miss O'Sullivan: Use the pronoun "I" in a sentence.

Freshie: "I is....."

Miss O'Sullivan: Don't say "I is" say "I am".

Freshie: "I am the ninth letter of the alphabet."

Freshman (In Library): Could I take "Lorna Doone" out over the week-end?

Bart: Hi! there don't spit on the floor.

Fresh: S'matter? Floor leak?

Miss X (at football practice) What position do you play?

Holden (blushing): Bent over.

Interested Friend: I hear you're out for the Torch.

Knox: It is worse than that old chap, I'm on it.

Dolan, it seems has little difficulty in distinguishing between twins.

Right, Dolan!

Miss Tutein: What is steam?

Miss: Canned heat.

"When is the next train out of this burg?"

"Twelve o'clock, sir."

"What isn't there one before that?"

"No sir, we don't believe in running one before the next."

What does "mull" mean?

Alice Blake: (a devotee of the cinema): Isn't that the assistant of a dope fiend?"

What does "cult" mean?

Alice Blake: A young horse.

Harmony is a kind of breakfast food according to Elizabeth Peteraitis.

Miss O'Sullivan: You were born to be a writer.

Knox: How's that?

Miss O'Sullivan: You have a splendid ear for carrying a pen.

Stearns: My dog took first prize at the cat show.

Frosh: What?

Stearns: He took the cat.

"My body is in the valley," sings Monahan, "But my soul is among the mountain tops!"

Apparently one of those sad cases of a poet unable to keep body and soul together.

Miss O'Sullivan: Place your papers on the desk as you pass out.

Bride (consulting cook book): Oh my! the cake is burning and I can't take it out for five minutes yet.

Dale: When I dance with you I feel as though I were treading on clouds.

Miss Blake: Don't kid yourself; those are my feet.

Miss O'Sullivan: What do you think of Shakespeare's plays?

Blakely: Well er-er-what team does he play on.

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